

# ***Life Is***



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# Life Is

Life is  
Life is a glass of rum  
No!  
Life is sip of sage  
No!  
Life is a taste of raki flowing warmly from the tap  
Shut up!  
Life is a walnut leaf  
No!  
Life is an olive tree  
No!  
Life is a scented, melon breasted woman  
when her lips are red and full.  
Life is an orchard and two lovers passing by it  
Life is my fist in your face if you don't keep quiet  
I said  
Life is my fist in your face if you don't keep quiet  
Oh, wait, listen to me  
I will tell you.

Life is what you do  
While you're waiting to die  
Life is how the time  
goes by

Life is where you wait  
While you're waiting to leave  
Life is where you grin  
and grieve

Having if you're lucky  
Wanting if you're not  
Looking for the ruby, underneath the rot  
Hungry for the pilaf, in someone else's pot  
But that's the only choice you've got

Life is where you stand  
Just before you are flat  
Life is only that, Mister  
Life is simply that, Mister  
That and nothing more,  
That's that.

Life is what you build  
till you can't build at all  
Life is where you fly  
and fall.

Running for the shelter,  
naked in the snow.  
Learning that a tear drops  
anywhere you go  
Finding its the mud that makes  
the roses grow  
But that's the only choice,  
you've got

Wait...  
Once again  
Life is what you do  
While you're waiting to die  
This is how the time  
Goes..... by....

The song "Life is" is from the musical "Zorba the Greek". The lyrics were written by Fred Ebb and John Kande and the song was set to the music of the acclaimed composer Mikis Theodorakis. The musical Zorba was my favorite Broadway Play when I was a teenager. I was fortunate to see the 1983 revival version of it on Broadway with Anthony Quinn and Chita Rivera. That was a thrill I'll never forget.

Zorba the Greek is a dark, love story, and tells the tale of an English writer and intellectual who tries to escape his conventional life with the help of a mysterious, bustling and boisterous man, called Alexis Zorbas. The film adaptation was shot on Crete, where Antony Quinn dances his famous sirtaki dance at the beach of Stavros in the Akrotiri peninsula in Crete.

For this series, the images that I've selected to illustrate the feelings that the song conveys are those of a half-Greek model Zoi, who has a house not far from the beach in Crete where the Zorba film was shot. Not intending to dance, Zoi seems to sway in the wind, getting blown about on the sand, much like Zorba as he was swept madly from one great love to the next, while fiercely defending his freedom.







































































































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